MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
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205
APR
NIGHT OF
THE
GAEL!

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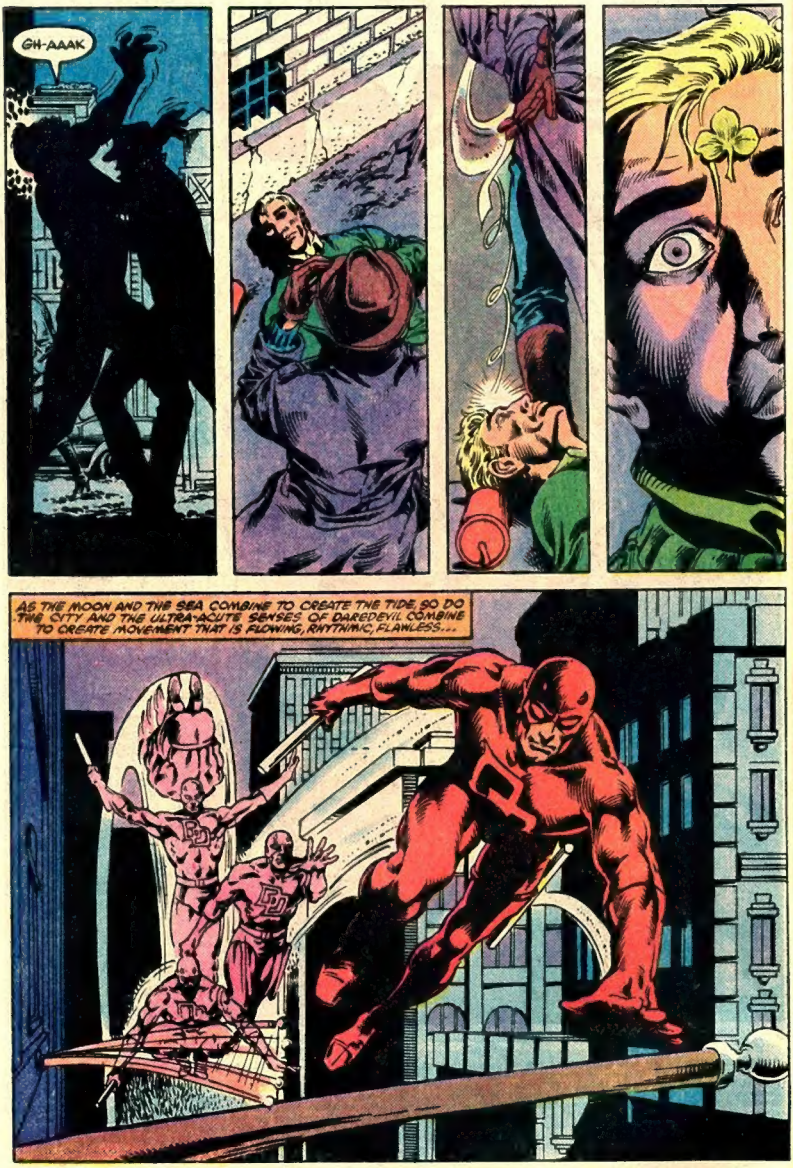
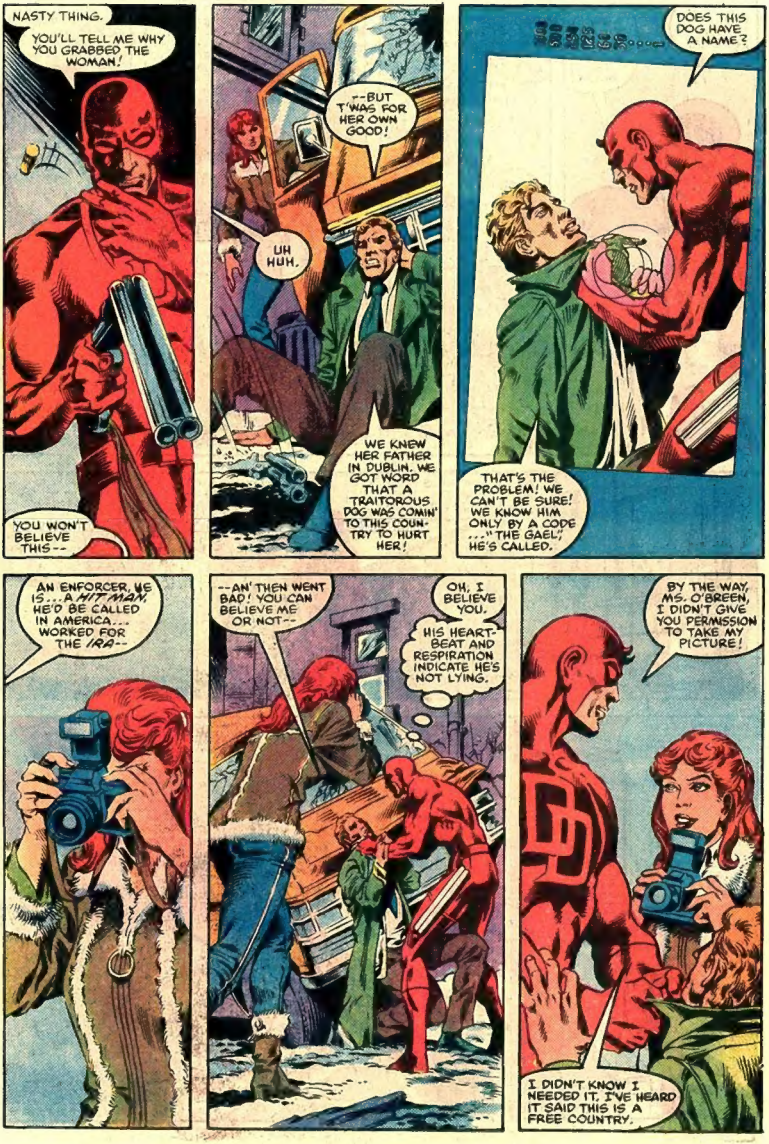

GH-AAAK
AS THE MOON AND THE SEA COMBINE TO CREATE THE TIDE, SO DO THE CITY AND THE ULTRA-ACUTE SENSES OF DAREDEVIL COMBINE TO CREATE MOVEMENT THAT IS FLOWING, RHYTHMIC, FLAWLESS...

GIRL BELOW...NO, A WOMAN. WALKING ALONE. NOT A GOOD TIME OF NIGHT FOR THAT.
WEARING A PERFUME NOT AVAILABLE IN THE UNITED STATES--RECENTLY ARRIVED IN THIS COUNTRY. HEART BEATING FAST --FRIGHTENED OR AGITATED. TURNING INTO--
--FOGGY NELSON'S BUILDING!
SO MY LAW PARTNER HAS A FOREIGN VISITOR! I SHOULDN'T USE MY HYPERSENSES TO EAVESDROP--
--BUT I'M CURIOUS!
--I HADTA LEAVE IRELAND, AUNT DEBBIE...
--I WAS IN TERRIBLE DANGER...
PLEASE, DEAR...DON'T CALL ME AGINT. IT MAKES ME SOUND SO...OLD! AND I AM YOUNG ENOUGH TO BE YOUR SISTER.
AREN'T I?
GO ON WITH YOUR STORY, GLORIANNA.
MY FATHER...FERGUS O'BREEN. HE IS, Y'KNOW ...WELL, HE WORKED FOR THE IRA... THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY--THE ANTI-GOVERNMENT REBELS...
GO ON.
WELL, THERE WAS A TRAITOR AN THEY THOUGHT IT WAS DAD, ONLY IT WASN'T... HE WAS AFRAID FOR ME SO HE SENT ME HERE, TO AMERICA...

...SAID THAT IF I EVER NEEDED TO KNOW WHO THE TRAITOR REALLY IS I'D FIND THE ANSWER IN MY CAMERA...
I'M NOT SURE WHAT HE MEANT. I'D BEEN TAKIN' SOME SHOTS OF A FRIEND'S GARDEN, HOPIN' TO SELL THEM TO A MAGAZINE--
THAT'S RIGHT! YOU ARE A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER!
HOW CAN WE HELP?
I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU COULD FIND ME A PLACE TO STAY...
WE DON'T HAVE ROOM, BUT I DO HAVE AN IDEA--
--YOU CAN STAY IN MATT'S HOUSE... FRANKLIN'S EMPLOYEE--
ACTUALLY, HE'S MY PARTNER--
HE LEFT US THIS KEY WHEN HE WAS VACATIONING IN JAPAN.
HE WON'T MIND, THIS MATT?
OH, NOT A BIT! I'LL WRITE DOWN HIS ADDRESS FOR YOU.
I WAS FOGGY'S BEST MAN! I ACTUALLY HELPED HIM MARRY THAT WOMAN!
MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE STREET--
SHE WENT IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO, 'COURSE, I CAN'T BE POSITIVE IT'S THE O'BREEN GIRL--
IF SHE MATCHES THE DESCRIPTION, 'TIS PROBABLY HER, GOIN' TO HER AUNT!
THANKS FOR KEEPIN' AN EYE OPEN FER US, HANNIGAN.
HAPPY T'BE OF SERVICE T'THE IRA.

LOOK! 'TIS HERSELF--!
YOU'LL BE COMIN' WITH US, LASS!
INTO THE LORRY WI' YOU!
BE STILL, LASS! WE'LL NOT BE HURTIN' YE!
DOWN THERE, AT THE END OF THE ALLEY--
--SOMEONE BLOCKIN' OUR EXIT!
WELL, RUN 'IM DOWN, MAN, AN' WE'LL PRAY FOR HIS SOUL LATER!
TUNK
THOP!

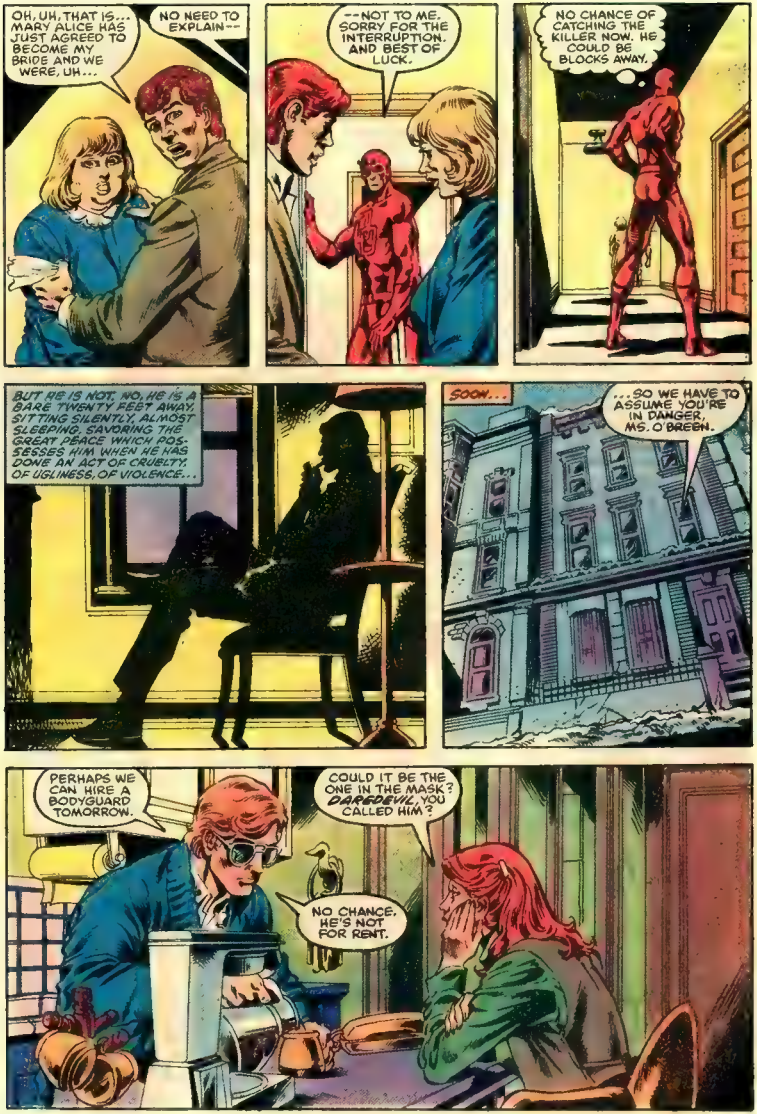
KRHASH!
YOU'VE GOT A WEAPON UNDER THAT COAT! IF YOU REACH FOR IT, YOU'LL BE SORRY--
--VERY, VERY SORRY!
GO TRY SCARIN' A WEE GIRL, MR. FANCY BRITCHES!
THUDD
WHOWF!
BOK!


NASTY THING.
YOU'LL TELL ME WHY YOU GRABBED THE WOMAN!
YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS--
--BUT T'WAS FOR HER OWN GOOD!
UH HUH.
WE KNEW HER FATHER IN DUBLIN. WE GOT WORD THAT A TRAITOROUS DOG WAS COMIN' TO THIS COUNTRY TO HURT HER!
GRRR....
DOES THIS DOG HAVE A NAME?
THAT'S THE PROBLEM! WE CAN'T BE SURE! WE KNOW HIM ONLY BY A CODE ..."THE GAEL," HE'S CALLED.
AN ENFORCER. HE IS...A *NAT-MAN*. HE'D BE CALLED IN AMERICA... WORKED FOR THE *IRA*--
--AN' THEN WENT BAD! YOU CAN BELIEVE ME OR NOT--
OH, I BELIEVE YOU.
HIS HEART-BEAT AND RESPIRATION INDICATE HE'S NOT LYING.
BY THE WAY, MS. O'BREEN, I DIDN'T GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO TAKE MY PICTURE!
I DIDN'T KNOW I NEEDED IT. I'VE HEARD IT SAID THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY.

I WON'T DIGNIFY THAT WITH A REPLY.
FINE WORDS, COMIN' FROM BEHIND THE MASK!
I'LL WANT TO TALK WITH YOU FURTHER. AFTER I ESCORT MS. O'BREEN TO MURDOCK'S. WHERE DO I FIND YOU?
SEEIN' AS HOW Y'COULD'VE TURNED ME INSIDE OUT AN' LEFT ME TO DRY, AN' DIDN'T, I'LL TELL YOU. WE'RE STAYIN' AT ST. BRIGID'S HOSTELRY.
I'LL MEET YOU THERE.
AN' HOW IS IT YOU KNOW I'M STAYIN' AT MATTHEW MURDOCK'S, MR. MASKED MAN?
I KNOW A LOT OF THINGS, MS. O'BREEN.
OHHH... A MASKED MYSTERY MAN! I'VE GOT TO HAVE A PICTURE OF THAT!
ANYTHING YOU CAN TELL ME ABOUT THE GAEL?
ONLY THAT THEY SAY HE LEAVES A PAPER SHAMROCK ON HIS VICTIMS.
THIS IS MURDOCK'S. THE GUEST ROOM IS ON THE SECOND FLOOR REAR. I WOULDN'T WANDER AROUND IF I WERE YOU.
NOT THAT SHE'D BE LIKELY TO DISCOVER MY LITTLE SECRETS.
AN' WHERE WILL YOU BE, MR. MASKED MYSTERY MAN?
FINDING OUT ABOUT THE GAEL--

BECAUSE UNTIL I DO, I MAY BE STUCK WITH THE PICTURE-SNAPPING MS. GLORIANNA O'BREEN AND THAT IS NOT THE GAME PLAN OF EITHER MATTHEW MURDOCK--
--OR DAREDEVIL!
WHILE --
I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR WRITIN' DOWN ABOUT MURDOCK AN' DEBBIE WHITMAN AN ALL. WHAT I'M GOIN' TO DO NEXT YOU MIGHT THINK A BIT STRANGE.
REMOVE YOUR GAG. REASON IS, I DIDN'T NEED NOISE WHILE I WAS PERSUADIN' YOU TO GIVE ME THE INFORMATION, BUT IT RELAXES ME TO HEAR THE SOUND YOU MAKE--
--WHEN I DO THIS!
AAAHGHHH
A SCREAM! FROM INSIDE ST. BRIGID'S.

SOUNDED LIKE THE IRA AGENT--
--THIS ROOM!
KRHRRESH
DEAD. ONLY A FEW SECONDS.
A PAPER SHAMROCK.
KILLER CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR.
CONCENTRATE. LISTEN. SENSE MOVEMENT.
PEOPLE IN THE NEXT ROOM... HEARTS POUNDING--
--WITH EXCITEMENT--
VLAWTCH!


OH, UH, THAT IS... MARY ALICE HAS JUST AGREED TO BECOME MY BRIDE AND WE WERE, UH...
NO NEED TO EXPLAIN--
--NOT TO ME. SORRY FOR THE INTERRUPTION. AND BEST OF LUCK.
NO CHANCE OF CATCHING THE KILLER NOW. HE COULD BE BLOCKS AWAY.
BUT HE IS NOT. NO. HE IS A BARE TWENTY FEET AWAY. SITTING SILENTLY. ALMOST SLEEPING. SAVORING THE GREAT PEACE WHICH POSSESSES HIM WHEN HE HAS DONE AN ACT OF CRUELTY. OF UGLINESS. OF VIOLENCE...
SOON...
...SO WE HAVE TO ASSUME YOU'RE IN DANGER, MS. O'BREEN.
PERHAPS WE CAN HIRE A BODYGUARD TOMORROW.
COULD IT BE THE ONE IN THE MASK? DARKEVIL, YOU CALLED HIM?
NO CHANCE, HE'S NOT FOR RENT.

ANYWAY, WE'D BETTER START TAKING PRECAUTION--
EXCUSE ME.
KRRING
HELLO.
JUST A MOMENT.
FOR YOU.
MS. O'BREEN? MRS. NELSON GAVE ME THIS NUMBER. ME NAME IS O'HANLON...YOU MIGHT REMEMBER ME?
PADDY O'HANLON? CERTAINLY. HOW ARE YOU?
NOT TOO GOOD. I'M AFRAID I HAVE BAD NEWS YOUR FATHER, ME FRIEND FERGUS ...HE'S GONE TO HIS REWARD--
--MURDERED BY THE GAEL. I'M TERRIBLY SORRY. I'VE SOME OF HIS THINGS I'LL BE BRINGIN' BY IN THE MORNIN'...
MISS O'BREEN? ARE YOU THERE?

LET IT OUT, GIRL. LET IT ALL OUT..
A FEW HOURS LATER...
HIYA, MATT. IN EARLY, I SEE.
GOOD DEAL. WE'VE GOT A LOT OF STUFF TO GET DONE. FOR OPENERS, MCCAH SYNN AND HIS GANG ARE BOOKED ONTO A TV SHOW AND--
NOT NOW, FOGGY.
MATT, THESE ARRIVED BY MESSENGER A FEW MINUTES AGO.
THANKS, BECKY. NO CALLS FOR A WHILE, OKAY?
IS THAT A CAMERA HE'S CARRYING?
...GLORIANNA O'BREEN'S CAMERA. I TOOK IT AFTER SHE FINALLY FELL ASLEEP AND HAD A FRIEND DEVELOP THE FILM IN IT...
...AND EVERY OTHER BIT OF FILM SHE HAD IN HER BAG. HER FATHER SAID THE GAELS IDENTITY IS "IN HER CAMERA!"
SOMEWHERE IN THESE PICTURES, A CLUE...

BUT WHERE?
NO GOOD. MY HYPERSENSES AREN'T FINE ENOUGH TO DISCERN SHAPES IN A PHOTOGRAPH.
BECKY, WILL YOU STEP IN A MOMENT?
WILL YOU LOOK AT THESE?
SEE ANYTHING UNUSUAL? A NAME OF ANY KIND?
THEY'RE VERY NICE, MATT, BUT... NO, NO NAMES. JUST FLOWERS.
THANKS ANYWAY.
BLAST! I CAN HEAR A GNAT BLINK AT A HUNDRED YARDS BUT I CAN'T TELL *ANYTHING* ABOUT A PHOTOGRAPH!
I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN THAT BLINDNESS IS A... A *HANDICAP!*
EVEN FOR ME!

AT THAT MOMENT--
IT'S PADDY O'HANLON, MISS O'BREEN.
HELLO, PADDY.
YOU SAID ON THE PHONE YOU HAD THINGS OF MY FATHER'S.
WOULD YOU INVITE ME IN, THEN?
YOU'RE HURTING ME.
NOT MUCH--
--NOT YET!
AND...
NEVER WAS MUCH GOOD AT MAKING MY BRAIN WORK WHILE I'M SITTING STILL.
IT'S DANGEROUS, CHANGING TO MY COSTUME IN BROAD DAYLIGHT--
--BUT IF I CAN THINK CLEARLY, IT'LL BE WORTH THE RISK.
MATT... MATT!
NOW WHERE THE HECK DID HE GO?

AS--
WON'T...WON'T YOU BELIEVE ME?
PLEASE!
OH, NOW I DO, LASS. YOU'VE NOT HAD ENOUGH EXPERIENCE DEALIN' WITH PAIN TO STAND WHAT I PUT YOU THROUGH AN' LIE.
SO YOU NEVER GUESSED THAT THE GAEL AND PADDY O'HANLON ARE ONE AN' THE SAME--
--AN' YER FATHER NEVER TOLD YOU.
WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE US, YER ASKIN' YERSELF.
IT LEAVES ME IN A DARLIN' PLACE, IT DOES, FOR ONCE, I'VE NO HURRY.
I CAN SIT HERE AT ME LEISURE AND CONTEMPLATE THE FLUSH OF PEACE AN' CONTENTMENT I'LL FEEL AS THE LAST OF YER LIFE GOES SPUTTERIN' OUT OF YOU.
THE CAMERA!

IT WAS NOT ARRIVED AT BY REASON... LOGIC AND DEDUCTION HAD NO PART IN IT...
OCCASIONALLY, A POSSIBILITY OCCURS TO HIM WITH SUCH FORCE AND CLARITY THAT HE CANNOT IGNORE IT--
--AND THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES...
THE NAME IS IN THE CAMERA. THAT'S WHAT GLORI CLAIMS HER FATHER SAID. NOT ON THE FILM--
--IN THE CAMERA.
YES. A NAME SCRATCHED INTO THE METAL--
"--THE NAME OF THE MAN GLORI WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET THIS MORNING... O'HANLON--"
--AN' I'D JUST GONE SIXTEEN WHEN I KILLED MY FIRST... A BRITISH CORPORAL, HE WAS... A FUZZY-CHEEKED BOY NO OLDER'N MESELF.
OVER THE YEARS, I CAME TO REALIZE THAT THE PATRIOTISM WASN'T IMPORTANT TO ME. THE KILLIN' WAS.
BUT I CAN SEE I'M BORIN' YOU I'LL REMEDY THAT, I WILL
THESE NEXT FEW SECONDS, YOU WON'T BE BORED AN' THAT I'LL PROMISE ON ME MOTHER'S GRAVE.

WE'RE ALONE AN' THE ROOM IS NEARLY SOUNDPROOF. SO YE CAN MAKE AS MUCH NOISE AS YE WANT--
--YE CAN MAKE AS MUCH NOISE AS YER DEAR OL' FATHER DID.
TWO OF THEM IN MY SCULPTURE STUDIO...GLORI AND A STRANGER.
GLORI: COLD SWEAT--FEAR SWEAT; HEART RACING.
THE STRANGER: HEART... SLOWING.
?
STAND AWAY FROM HER, O'HANLON
...ANOTHER SOUL TO JOIN THE PARTY. 'TIS THE MONTH OF CHRISTMAS AN' NOT HALLOWEEN, BUT IF YE WANT TO WEAR A DIVIL SUIT, I'LL NOT SAY YE NAY!
AS FER STANDIN' AWAY... I THINK NOT, BOYO. NOW IF YE FEEL YE CAN REACH ME BEFORE I CRUSH THE LASS' THROAT, WELL THEN YER WELCOME TO TRY.
DO YOU FEEL THAT BOYO? DO YE?

I THOUGHT NOT, THEN, SEEIN' AS HOW WE'RE DOIN' THINGS MY WAY, YE'LL OBLIGE ME BY PUTTIN' THESE ON.
KLIK
TIGHTER.
FINE. NOW CUFF THE OTHER WRIST.
TIGHTER.
KLONCK

Bullpen Bulletins

"... MARVEL'S DARKEST HOUR!"

That's what one guy from Oil City, Pennsylvania, called our recent Assistant Editors' Month. On the other hand, a correspondent from Tulsa, Oklahoma thought that the assistants "... should trade jobs with the Editors! They're more imaginative!" No one's been shy about commenting, that's for sure. We've gotten record amounts of mail regarding That Weird Month, and everywhere I go, people mention it to me. An officer at the Manufacturers Hanover Trust, where I have my savings account, walked up to me in the bank the other day and gave me his opinion — he loved it! While I was in Florida visiting the wonderful folks at Adventure International, a computer game designer named John Anderson and the company's founder, Scott Adams, himself (who is to computer gaming what Stan Lee is to comics!) brought it up — two more positive reactions. Letters are still pouring in, and it's too early to render the final verdict, though. Meanwhile, the Assistant Editors are slinking around here like turkeys the week before Thanksgiving . . .

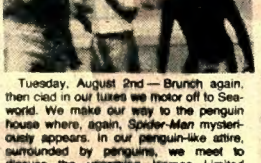
EVERYONE'S WONDERING . . .

. . . just what was it that all the Marvel Editors were doing that kept them away during August, creating the need for Assistant Editors' Month in the first place.

Well, it was strictly business . . . sort of. Here's what we did . . .

Sunday evening, July 31st — We arrived in San Diego, picked up our four Chrysler LeBaron convertibles from Hertz, and checked into the luxurious Executive Hotel.

Monday, August 1st — Brunch in the hotel restaurant. All are present and accounted for: Myself, Tom DeFalco, Denny O'Neil, Larry Hama, Louise Jones, Mark Gruenwald, Ralph Macchio, Bob Budiansky, Carl Potts, Danny Fingeroth, and official photographer Vince Colletta. We plan strategy. At 12:30 p.m. we drive to Night and Day Formal Wear in Fashion Valley to pick up our tuxedos. *Spider-Man* joins us and clowns around trying on jackets and cummerbunds over his Spider-Man suit. Who *is* this guy? At 3:00 p.m. we head for Mission Beach. An unexpected interruption — we're pulled over by two San Diego motorcycle policemen. They want to know why Spider-Man's in town. We tale. They end up cheerfully giving old web-head a ride on one of their motorcycles. On the beach at last, we hold an Official Business Meeting *in the surf* to discuss the upcoming Sub-Mariner Limited Series. It does enhance the mood. Meanwhile Spider-Man is mobbed by civilians on the beach until he finally disappears again. Later, we meet for dinner at La Casa Bandini, a superb Mexican restaurant, in The Old Town.



Tuesday, August 2nd — Brunch again, then clad in our tuxes we motor off to Seaworld. We make our way to the penguin house where, again, *Spider-Man* mysteriously appears. In our penguin-like attire, surrounded by penguins, we meet to discuss the upcoming Iceman Limited Series. Again, the mood is enhanced. Spider-Man, meanwhile, as at the beach, is mobbed. Eventually, to prevent his being literally crushed by admirers, he ducks into a nearby building and vanishes! Who *is* this guy in the webbed suit? That evening, Publishing Vice President Mike Hobson, who's also in town, gathers us up and takes us off to a fantastic meal on the Reuben E. Lee, a riverboat restaurant floating in San Diego Harbor. Mike, a quibble guy, seems to be convinced that our "meetings" thus far are serious business, indeed. But, *is* he really convinced?

Wednesday, August 3rd — Brunch, and then off to the beach at Coronado, where we take lots of photos and Carl Potts teaches us how to body surf. That evening, some of us go out to an elegant Italian dinner while the rest chow down at Taco Bell and roar off to a drive-in movie.

Thursday, August 4th — Brunch. Then, the San Diego Comicon begins at the San Diego Convention Center. Archie Goodwin and Allen Milgrom, the last of our crew, finally arrive. Now, with *every single Marvel editor* present, we sit en masse at the snazzy Marvel booth in the main room answering questions and reviewing portfolios. Later, Tom DeFalco, Ralph Macchio, and Vince Colletta head for the airfield — we've hired a plane to fly above the city trailing a banner that reads "MARVEL COMICS — THE SKY'S THE LIMIT!" and they're going to oversee the operation. Darned if Spider-Man doesn't turn up there, too, insisting on flying the plane. We've *got* to find out who it is in that costume! We start listing suspects . . . trying to see who *isn't* around whenever "Spider-Man" is. It has to be one of the Marvel artists in attendance pulling a fast one. Joe Rubinstein? Bill Sienkiewicz? Art Adams? Paul Smith?

Friday, August 5th — Another Brunch, then more convention appearances. There's a lot of swimming, jet-skiing, and body surfing going on in between things though. A few editors take the trolley to Tiajuana for a while. That night there's a huge, official Marvel Comics party held in my suite. It expands to take up the *whole fourth floor* of the hotel.

Saturday, August 6th — Another brunch, more convention activities, more quick trips to the beach, more parties.

Sunday, August 7th — The penultimate brunch in San Diego. The convention winds down. We're pretty wound down, too, but "Spider-Man's" identity is secret no longer! Bill Sienkiewicz tips his hand — while wearing the costume, in the hotel lobby, he signs an autograph for a fan in the hotel lobby "Spiedier-Man." Aha!

Monday, August 8th — The last brunch, and on to Los Angeles!

I'd love to tell you about that leg of the trip — especially about the incident at Disneyland — but we're out of space. Next month!

Hang in there!

Jim Shooter

THE HYPE BOX

THE GENERIC COMIC — Featuring a super hero and a super villain in an exciting story as only A WRITER and A PENCILER could bring it to you. And with AN INKER doing the inking, you know you're in for a treat! (And if their doesn't intrigue you, we don't know what will!) Only from Marvel!

THOR #342 — If you haven't read THOR lately, you haven't read THOR! With WALT SIMONSON at the helm, this is fast becoming Marvel's hottest and most popular series! In this issue, Walt reveals a major power of Thor's we've never seen before. Plus, special guest inker TERRY AUSTIN. Need we say more?

DR. STRANGE #80 — A tale of the weird and the wonderful by ANH NGOENTI and newcomer TONY SALMONS, exploring the age-old question: magic and art, where does one end and the other begin? An intriguing question — one to ponder in the luxury of your home — but the answer becomes a matter of life and death for Dr. Strange as he battles the bizarre creations of a deranged artist's mind! Don't miss "Artmagic"

THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

- ☐ **THE THING #16**
- ☐ **DAREDEVIL #205**
- ☐ **NEW MUTANTS #14**
- ☐ **KA-ZAR #31**
- ☐ **HERCULES #2**
- ☐ **OFFICIAL HANDBOOK OF THE MARVEL UNIVERSE #15** — The Book of Weapons and Hardware
- ☐ **DR. STRANGE SPECIAL EDITION #2** — Re-printing **Strange Tales #'s 133-135** by STAN LEE and STEVE DITKO
- ☐ **AMAZING SPIDER-MAN #251**
- ☐ **CAPTAIN AMERICA #282**
- ☐ **THOR #342**
- ☐ **INDIANA JONES #16**
- ☐ **DR. STRANGE #80**
- ☐ **U.S. 1 (Limited Series) #9**
- ☐ **X-MEN/MICRONAUTS (Limited Series) #4**
- ☐ **THE GENERIC COMIC #1**
- ☐ **FANTASTIC FOUR SPECIAL EDITION #1** — Re-presenting the classic **FF Annual #1**, by STAN LEE and JACK KIRBY.
- ☐ **TARZAN OF THE APES (Limited Series) #1**
- ☐ **INCREDIBLE HULK #284**
- ☐ **AVENGERS #242**
- ☐ **CONAN THE BARBARIAN #157**
- ☐ **X-MEN #180**
- ☐ **ROM #53**
- ☐ **MARVEL TALES #162** — Reprinting "Spider-Man Goes Mad," by STAN LEE and STEVE DITKO, from **Amazing Spider-Man #24**
- ☐ **POWER MAN/IRON FIST #104**
- ☐ **G.I. JOE #22**
- ☐ **FANTASTIC FOUR #269**
- ☐ **MARVEL TEAM-UP #140** — Spider-Man and the Black Widow
- ☐ **IRON MAN #181**
- ☐ **PETER PARKER, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN #89**
- ☐ **DEFENDERS #130**
- ☐ **STAR WARS #82**
- ☐ **ALPHA FLIGHT #9**
- ☐ **JACK OF HEARTS (Limited Series) #4**
- ☐ **WHAT IF #44** — "What If the Hulk Went Berserk?"
- ☐ **ELEKTRA SAGA (Limited Series) #3**
- ☐ **THE A-TEAM (Limited Series) #2** — Marvel's adaptation of the TV smash!
- ☐ **MICRONAUTS SPECIAL EDITION #5** — Concluding the very first Micronauts epic by BILL MANTLO and MICHAEL GOLDEN.

MARVEL MAGAZINES

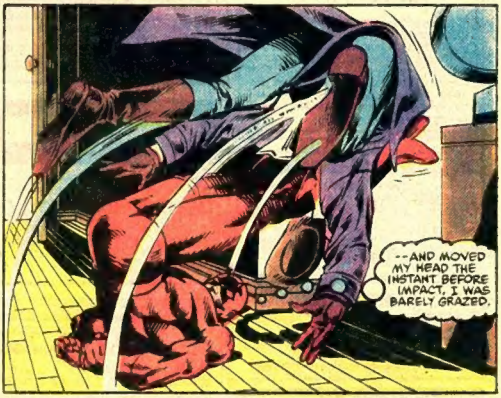
- ☐ **SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #98**
- ☐ **MARVEL AGE #13**

EPIC COMICS

- ☐ **COYOTE #4**

I DISLIKE DOIN' A MAN WHO'S ASLEEP, BUT TIME *IS* A'WASTIN'.
WATCH CAREFULLY, LASS, AN' YE'LL SEE THE MANNER OF YERE *OWN* SAD DEMISE.

I'M NOT SLEEPING, O'HANLON. I'M NOT EVEN HURT.
IT WAS EASY ...I USED MY RADAR SENSE TO GAUGE THE SPEED AND PATH OF THE STATUE HE THREW--

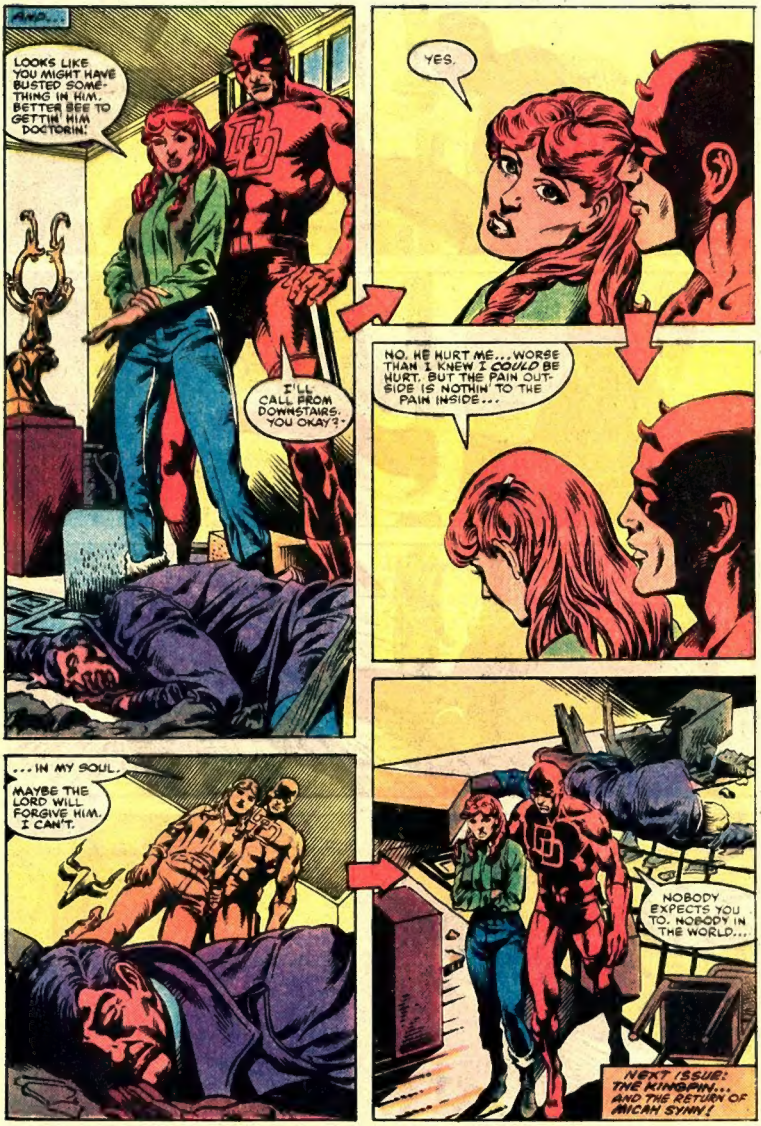

--AND MOVED MY HEAD THE INSTANT BEFORE IMPACT. I WAS BARELY GRAZED.

KNROASCH

'TIS A DIVIL YE ARE IN *TRUTH!* BUT NOW THAT I KNOW THE *SLYNESS* YE'RE CAPABLE OF--

--I'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE A'TALL SPILLIN' YER GUTS!

WHUIPF
THOOD
KLOD
I'LL GET THE KEY TO THESE CUFFS FROM HIS POCKET--
--THEN I'LL CUT YOU LOOSE.
YOU DO THAT, MYSTERY MAN. WHEN YOU HAVE A MOMENT... YOU CUT ME LOOSE.


AND...
LOOKS LIKE YOU MIGHT HAVE BUSTED SOMETHING IN HIM. BETTER SEE TO GETTIN' HIM DOCTORIN'.
I'LL CALL FROM DOWNSTAIRS. YOU OKAY?
YES.
NO. HE HURT ME... WORSE THAN I KNEW I *COULD* BE HURT. BUT THE PAIN OUTSIDE IS NOTHIN' TO THE PAIN INSIDE...
...IN MY SOUL.
MAYBE THE LORD WILL FORGIVE HIM. I CAN'T.
NOBODY EXPECTS YOU TO. NOBODY IN THE WORLD...
NEXT ISSUE: THE KINGPIN... AND THE RETURN OF MICAH SYNN!